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Joan saw the horn's—Joan saw the tail—
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd,
And ever, when she seized the ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd, with wonder petrifi'd,
His hairs rose on his pate—
And, "Why dost guzzle now," he cried,
"At this enormous rate."

"O John," she cried, "am I to blame?
I can't, in conscience, stop;
For sure, 'twould be a burning shame,
To leave—the Devil a drop."

ORIGINAL SIN, OR NATURAL CORRUPTION.

THE passions are ponies, high mettled
and strong,
Which whirl us thro' life's dusty road all
along;
Drunk, or sober, sits Reason, with reins in
his hand,
The steeds wing'd with fire which he has
to command
No wonder they often then gallop away,
Thro' thick and thro' thin from the right
road astray,
Their prancings and cap'rings produce
sometimes ill,
But take out the horses—the coach then
stands still.

Those gloomy divines who pretend
they've a call,
Vociferate loud—kill the steeds, one and all,
While one of them lives, you can never do
well,
The weakest will drag you to sin and to
hell,

But this, my dear sister, is wrong and
absurd,
No doctrine, like this, was e'er taught by
our Lord.

Each thing that feels life in the forest or
lawn,
The Lion, the Tiger, the Lamb, and the
Fawn,
Each bird, and each insect that floats on
the gale,
Each thing in the water, the Minnow and
Whale,
Each reptile and worm, and each tree and
each flow'r,
Each metal and stone is possess'd of a pow'r,
Whatever their habits, where'er their re-
sort,
To pursue, or attract what will yield them
support.

So man, by dame nature is form'd and in-
clin'd,
And has something in common with each
varied kind,
By attraction and fibres he lives, 'till at
length,
To suck the sweet sap of the breast he gains
strength.

In this stage of existence, self-love, at
first slow,
But stronger and stronger must every day
grow.
Depriv'd of the breast, as he's weak and
can't rise,
To search for his food he sends forth plain-
tive cries;
A nurse, by this horrible doctrine new-
spoild,
For its natural corruption would beat the
poor child.
But let Hannah say what corruption and
sin,
In this crescent animal first did begin.

As the babe grows up stronger, its pow'r
must unfold,
Of each thing in its reach, it begins to lay
hold,
For self-love now prompts it amusement to
seek,
And to search after knowledge before it
can speak;
It knocks down the tea-cups; it mangles
poor flies,
And if you're not guarded, will poke out
your eyes.
O shocking, most shocking are all its sad
ways,
What natural corruption of heart it be-
trays,
O Eve and O Adam, what have you not
done,
Nought, nought but corruption's entail'd on
your son.

With orthodox passion the nurse is on
fire,
To whip out corruption is all her desire;
Some twitchings of nature she feels at her
heart,
Which soften her temper, bid passion de-
part,
She just shakes her head, pats the child on
the hand,
Yet why that is done, it does not under-
stand,
That insects have feelings it cannot suppose
And it tears a poor fly, as it would tear a
rose.